Raised by Mew

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Harry Potter had a harsh life...But that would all come to a change one day at the park. One day, a mysterious Pokemon comes to the rescue... Collab with SpeedGamerDTS

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Introduction

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Chapter 1

There were rumours of a very rare Pokemon hiding away in the forest. This Pokemon was said to be very small and very mischievous. And the rumours were true.

The Pokemon was a small pink cat-like creature with wide, innocent blue eyes and a long tail.

It was the legendary Pokemon, Mew.

And today, Mew was in the mood to play.

"Eeeee! It snowed!" Mew squealed telekinetically as she flew over the environment excitedly. "I love snow! Even if it doesn't like me back!"

Mew never had good luck with snow.

True to her word as she flew past a very tall tree the snow covering some of the branches decided at that moment to fall on the unassuming Pokémon. "Eeap!" she screamed as she fell to the ground with a thud buried under the snow.

That did not hold the Pokémon for long however as a pink glow surrounded the snow and lifted up before shaping it into a figure of a Snorlax with a Santa hat. Mew smiled to herself with a small giggle and flew away quickly to not be seen.

She kept an extra eye on any trees she passed though and soon found herself in a small park. She smiled down at the small children who were playing, throwing snow balls and playing with other Pokémon. She loved children, they held such light and innocence in their hearts. She observed the kids playing…all except one.

She tilted her head and moved a bit closer to see a small boy sitting on the bench looking down at the ground with a sad expression and

he was shivering as well. He was dressed in long oversized shirt with what looked like…rags for a jacket. Mew frowned. 'Why is he not playing with anyone?' She gained a small grin as an idea popped in her head. 'Well I guess I just have to play with him!'

The small Pokemon focused and turned invisible, disappearing from sight. She flew close to the child, and frowned at his shivering. Gently, she touched his shoulder, channelling some energy into his body to warm him up.

Harry shot up in surprise when he felt something poke him on the shoulder. He ended up unintentionally sending Mew flying as a result of his startled reaction.

He blinked in confusion when he heard what sounded like a squeal, then turned when he heard something land in the snow.

Curious, the boy walked in the direction he heard the sound come from. He looked around, not seeing anything. Then, he stepped on something he couldn't see and heard a muffled squeak.

And then, Mew's invisibility deactivated, revealing that her legs were sticking out of the snow.

Harry jumped back in surprise flinching as his eyes shut tight. "I'M SORRY!" he cried out he covered his head and waited for a blow he was expecting to receive.

The little pink legs kicked a bit before they started to shine being replaced by long human legs. They planted themselves into the ground and pushed and soon the rest of the body was reviled. She was a curvy woman who wore a lose shirt and short pink skirt she was barefoot. Her face held a small pout as she rubbed her head with short light pink hair. 'That hurt!' she wined in her head.

She looked around then spotted the little boy covering his head and looking scared for some reason. She giggled to herself and stood up

dusting off any leftover snow and skipped over to him. She leaned down to his level with a smile. "Who you hiding from?" she asked

The boy squeaked and curled up tighter. Frowning, Mew crouched down to his level and poked at him. "Hey." She said. "Hey. Come on. I'm not mean. Look at me. Hey." She tilted her head in confusion. He was not responding. "...Little boy?"

Finally, he slowly turned to look at her, his eyes wide. "Y-You're a l-lady..." He said softly. Mew giggled.

"Uh-huh! I sure am!" She replied with a wink.

"Y-You're actually talking with me...Why?"

"You looked lonely."

"Wh-Where's the little pink kitty? Is it okay?"

Mew giggled at the young child. "She is okay." She said with a wink.

Harry nodded slowly, relived by that.

"So why aren't you playing with anyone else?" the now human Pokémon asked.

The boy lowered her gaze and held his arm timidly. "Uncle Vernon said to wait on the bench…and not talk to anyone." He said softly.

Mew frowned at that. 'What a MEANIE!' She grinned at the little boy and ruffled his messy black hair, "Well…why don't we play a game till Mr. Grumpy comes back?"

Harrys eyes widened and stared at her in shock. "I can't…he would…" he gazed back down and trembled lightly.

Mew frowned slightly. "Hey…don't worry. He'll never know I swear!" she swore.

He looked up at her his emerald eyes holding surprise. "You sure…?"

"Sure as sugar!" she cheered with a giggle causing the little boy to smile timidly.

"O-Okay...If you say so..." He said softly. Mew grinned broadly.

"Yay!" She cheered, snatching him up. "C'mon, let's go!"

Harry yelped as she pulled him off.

And so, Mew led him to the playground, blissfully unaware of the confused stares she was getting due to her outfit, as well as the 'special' attention from various boys. She stared curiously at the equipment. "Oooh, what is all this stuff?" She asked, studying it closely.

"It's the playground." Harry responded. "I'm...not sure what to do with it though..."

Mew narrowed her eyes at the equipment before grinning. "I'll figure it out!"

The human like Pokémon gazed at the many different equipment before she spotted the slide. She tilted her head and watched as some children slid down the long slope and land in the snow laughing. She grinned as she ran up to it she climbed up the stairs and sat at the top. "Ready little guy?" she asked.

Harry stared down and gulped with a nervous nod.

"HEAR WE GO!" she said and pushed off sliding down the slide with amazing speed. The girl giggling the whole way down. The flew through the air and landed on the snow with a soft thud the girl still giggling.

Harry's eyes were wide for a second before he grinned and started to giggle as well. The girl looked down at him with warm eyes. "Was

that fun?" she asked.

He looked up at her and nodded. "Can we play more?" he asked hopefully.

"Of course! You pick what we do next!" she said excited. She was having fun playing with this little one.

"Um...Let's try those things." He suggested, pointing to the monkey bars. Mew grinned and nodded.

"You got it!" And so, quick as can be, the two were soon by the monkey bars.

Harry went first. He managed to maintain a firm grip on the handles and actually made it to the other side with very little effort. Smiling, he turned around.

"Your turn, Miss!" He called back to Mew.

"Okay, here goes!" Mew exclaimed, grabbing onto the bars. She frowned slightly. 'Why is this so high off the ground?' She thought.

As she was thinking about it, she failed to look where she was grabbing and missed one of the bars. "Uh-oh." She squeaked before falling down to the snow below.

Harry gasped in shock and ran down the step to rush to the pile. "Ms. Are you alright!?" he asked.

The snow bile shifted a bit before her head popped out. Her head was covered in snow and she had what looked like a beard of snow on her pouting face.

Harry looked at her with wide eyes before he started to giggle uncontrollably. Her pout morphed into a smile as she shook her head sending the snow flying. "Let's try something else okay?" she asked the giggling child.

Harry nodded as he grabbed her hand and lightly pulled her to another spot not knowing that a big man, a Ponyta like woman, and a beach ball child was coming up to the bench that they left the child behind.

The big man's eyes grew wide then narrowed into a heated glare. He gazed around the playground where he saw the boy…SMILING! Unacceptable! "BOOOOOY!" he bellowed enraged.

Harry's smile faded almost immediately as he froze up on the spot. Mew's eyes widened as she looked at him, then off in the direction she heard the yell come from. She did a double take when she saw how fat the man was. And he was stomping his way over...

Mew looked at the child. Something was wrong...Something was VERY wrong. Eyes narrowed, she looked at the man before snatching Harry up and holding him protectively.

"Put him down...NOW!" The man roared furiously.

"Uh-uh." Mew replied, shaking her head.

"WHY YOU..." Vernon looked ready to explode.

Mew just stuck her tongue out.

The man lunged at her but the girl stepped to the side causing the man to fly past her and into the snow with a very loud thud. Mew giggled to herself. "To slow!" she smirked.

The man picked himself up and his face promised pain. "Boy! Get down now!" he ordered in a harsh tone.

Harry was trembling as he looked up at the woman and slowly tugged on her shirt getting her attention. "Please…let me…go."

"But-" she looked back and forth between the two. The big man was smiling evil and the boy looked sad and shaking. "Who is he?" she asked him.

"I'M THE FR-er BOYS UNCLE!" he shouted catching himself.

"You don't need to yell!" she said shaking her head from the loud noise. "Your scaring him!"

"So what? He deserves it and more" he said more with an underline threat that the Pokémon caught onto instantly

Her eyes narrowed and soon her blue eyes glowed as she decided to see who this huge man was by gazing into his mind. 'What are you hiding?'

'You freaky little B***. Wait until we get home. You're in for the beating of a lifetime. You won't be able to walk by the time I'm done with you!'

Eyes narrowed, she began to search through his memories. And her eyes promptly widened in horror at what she saw. The abuse...It was utterly indescribeable! Nothing about it was...HUMAN!

Now, the legendary Pokemon was FURIOUS. "He's not going with you." She hissed.

"WHY YOU-" And suddenly, the man and his family found themselves frozen to the spot.

"You'd better just forget all about him." Mew said lowly. She focused her energy throughout their minds...

And within seconds, Harry James Potter was entirely wiped from their memories.

Vernon and his family blinked and looked around before spotting his family who looked just as confused. "Dear…why are we here?" he asked.

"I…don't know?" a cold wind passed her and she held her arms over her body. "Let's get out of this cold."

Vernon nodded as he pulled along his son who was waving at the small child with a small grin before walking away with his parents.

Mew watched them with her eyes narrowed in rage. 'Never again!' she vowed in her head as she clutched the boy tightly to her. Unaware that a few of her Pokémon traits were starting to show.

Harry's eyes were wide as he watched his family leave…like they did not want him anymore. He felt a pang in his heart at that. They might not have liked him…but they still needed him to do chores and cook…he felt wanted even though it was the wrong kind.

He noticed something moving at the corner of his eye and when he turned to see it he blinked. It was a long pink tale that was waving around from side to side. He traced the tail back to behind the lady and when he looked up to let her know he paused as he saw two pink ears on the top of her head.

"Th-That's the tail that little kitty thing had..." Harry said softly. Mew blinked, then looked behind her.

"Oh my gosh!" She exclaimed, blushing. She willed the apendages away and looked around. "Phew...No one saw...Well, except for you, but you're a cutie, so I don't mind."

"Wh-Why did you have those...?" Mew smiled.

"...Come with me. I'll show you something neat." Harry blinked...and then felt himself surrounded by some kind of aura...

And then, in a flash of light, they were in a forest.

Harry blinked his little eyes hurting from the light. When he was able to see again they grew in shock as he gazed at the dense forest around them. He looked up at the woman who smiled down at him with warmth.

"How-"

'Like this little one.' Her lips did not move but the boy could hear her. His eye grew wider however as he felt his body be lifted from her warm arms by a faint pink glow. He reached out for her, not wanting to let go. She noticed and plucked him right back into a hug and a light kiss on his forehead. "I want so show you something okay?"

The boy nodded his face red with slight embarrassment. He felt the pink aura surround him and take him away from her arms but not too far. The girl closed her eyes and lifted her arms to her side and soon she was engulfed in a bright light.

Harry closed his eyes tight not wanting to be blinded then he felt something poke his nose.

"Mew."

He opened his eyes and saw to his shock the pink kitty he saw earlier. Flying in front of him with its small paw tapping his nose. The Pokémon giggled as it covered her mouth before flying around him.

They were unaware however as many different kinds of Pokémon had gathered to observe. They were the silent guardians making sure nothing interrupts this rare moment.

Harry looked around slowly, observing all the Pokemon. "Wh-What are all of you...?" He asked timidly.

"We're Pokemon, sweetie." A voice in his head sounded out. He looked around with wide eyes, then heard Mew's giggling. He turned to look at her. "It's just me! I'm psychic." The little cat Pokemon winked. "So you don't know what a Pokemon is?"

"N-No...Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia said the cool looking animals were monsters and they didn't want any...And I'm not allowed to talk to anyone, so I couldn't ask..."

Mew turned back into her human form and picked him up again.

"Well, is there anything you wanna ask?" She asked, running her fingers through his messy dark hair.

Harry relaxed into her arms and cooed softly. "What are Pokémon?"

Mew gave a big smile. "Pokémon sweetheart are amazing creatures who have amazing powers. They come in all shapes and sizes and live almost everywhere!" she said joyfully.

Harry nodded slowly his fear slowly slipping away into curiosity. "Then…what about you?" he asked softly.

She kissed the little boy on the nose making him blush and caused her to giggle. "I am Pokémon, that is true. Yet I am…a special kind of Pokémon." She explained while she sat down on the ground with him in her arms the cold snow not bothering her at all.

Harry nuzzled into her feeling the pure warmth she radiated. "You look like me…do others look like…me?" he mumbled.

"Only a select few. A Pokémon and human are different, but sometimes the line between them can be blurred."

"What's your name…Ms. Pokémon?" He asked adorably causing some of the surrounding Pokémon to smile lightly and some of the younger ones to giggle.

Mew blushed and gave them light glares before smiling down at the boy softly. "As a human you can call me Mistine, as a Pokémon, well," she leaned down and kissed his cheek, causing him to blush red. "Mew!" she giggled.

"Mistine and...Mew..." He said softly. "Okay...I get it." Mew smiled.

"And you're Harry!" Mew said cheerfully. He looked surprised. "Well I AM a psychic Pokemon, after all." Mew shrugged.

"Y-You know what I'm thinking...?"

"Uh-huh!" Mew giggled. "Right now you're thinking that I'm warm, and pretty." She closed her eyes and smiled. "Thank you for that, by the way! It's really sweet of you!" Harry blushed and looked away. "You seem cold though..." She looked thoughtful.

Smiling, she focused...and then conjured up a huge, thick winter jacket for him. "Here!" She said cheerfully. "That'll keep you warm when we're outside!" She wrapped the jacket around his tiny body before frowning slightly. "But I guess I can't really live outside anymore now that I have you with me..."

Harry curled up into her now even warmer than before. Yet when he heard her more down tone he frowned up at her. He did not want her sad at him. "You…don't need to…keep me…" he said.

"Nonsense!" she said with a smile. "I'm going to keep you warm and cute for as long as I can!" she giggled.

Harrys eyes widened at that. She wanted to stay with him. His eyes teared up slightly and he felt something inside him stir. Mew watched curiously before her own eyes widened as she felt a strange aura surround the boy.

'CRACK!'

The sound reverberated around the forest startling everyone. Mew looked around her eyes narrowed and her grip on the boy tightening protectively her ears and tails visible for all too see. When no sound was heard she looked over to a small bird Pokémon, "Can you see what that was?" she asked it.

The bird Pokémon nodded as it stretched its wings and flew off to the source of the sound. It came back soon with a bewildered expression and wagged its wings as if to say 'Follow me.'

Mew did that, carrying the now asleep boy in her arms. They walked till they came across a sight the confused the Pokémon to no end.

A house was sitting on a large tree almost perfectly placed as if a gift from Arceus himself. Yet she could feel an energy that was different from the creators around the house. It was more…like the little boys in her arms.

She tilted her head, then smiled down at the little boy. "Looks like someone was nice enough to give us a place to stay." She looked up at the sky. "Let's thank them."

"Thank you." Harry said softly, looking at the sky.

"Yeah, thanks so much!" Mew added. As if to respond, a gust of wind blew throughout the area. Mew giggled. "C'mon! Let's go and see what it's like!" She carried the boy towards the house and opened the door.

"Ooooh, I like it in here." She said, entranced by the beauty of the house.

"I-It's even nicer than my aunt and uncle's house." Harry agreed.

The house was spacious and the living room was already filled with furniture that looked extra comfy, the strangest thing was that a fire was going in the fireplace. She grinned and walked over and sat down by the fire to warm the boy and her up. "Mmm. This is nice." She mumbled with a smile.

Harry nodded as he closed his eyes the day's events starting to catch up.

Mew looked down at the child and rocked him gently as she saw his closed eyes. She leaned down and kissed his forehead 'He is so cute.' She thought she looked around before seeing a blanket not that far away. She willed it over to her and she used it to cover herself and the little boy.

She smiled down at him. 'Sleep well, sweetheart. You deserve it' she said in her mind. The child must have heard it as well as he smiled

softly and snuggled further into her. She leaned her head down and nuzzled into his hair and closed her eyes as well.

The Pokémon who watched through the windows all smiled as they saw someone who they all thought as a big sister, curled up around the boy protectively and snugly. Like a mother to her son.

Chapter 2

Mew's eyes opened slowly, and she let out a cute yawn. Blinking, she noticed Harry seemed a bit bigger than he did last night...It took her a few moments to realize she must have subconsciously switched to her human form in her sleep. The small pink cat let out a 'Mew' before smiling and snuggling into the still sleeping child. 'I'm a teddy bear now! Yay!' She cheered in her head,

Harry shifted in his sleep, then opened his eyes. "M-Mew...?" He said softly, looking down at her.

"Mew!" Mew greeted, flying into the air and doing a loop de loop. "Moooorniiiing~!" She greeted through telepathy. "Sleep good?" Harry nodded slowly. "Good! Now, let's have some yummy breakfast!" With a quick flex of concentration, she turned back to her human form. "I've never cooked before, but I'll try anything!"

"I can teach you..."

"You don't know how to cook..." Mew said hesitantly.

"Yeah I do." Harry replied.

Mew stared at him with wide eyes for a second before a soft frown grew on her features. "But the stove is so hot…and you're so little."

Harry blushed and looked away at that. "It's fine…I'm used to the burns…" he said softly.

Her hand clenched into a fist and her anger rose slightly before dropping again to sadness. She picked him up and held him in her arms tightly. "You shouldn't be. Fire is super effective on humans. Especially the cute little ones." She mumbled softly into his hair.

Harry blushed and looked down sadly as he had made her sad. "I'm sorry I made you sad…dose…that mean I don't get my weakly fill?"

"W…weakly Fill?" Mew asked hesitantly already knowing she was not going to like it.

"Yeah…a slice of…bread…every week." He mumbled.

"NOOOOOOOOOO!" Mew exclaimed, collapsing to her knees and looking at the ceiling as she screamed out the word. Harry looked down.

"Oh...Okay..." Mew squeezed her eyes shut and calmed herself down.

"You don't get a weekly fill...You get actual meals!" Harry looked at her with wide eyes.

"I-I do...?" He asked in disbelief. Mew nodded.

"Absolutely." She replied. "No little boy of mine is gonne go without real food for a whole week!" Harry teared up. "I'm gonna make you nice and plump!" She poked Harry's tummy. He threw himself into her leg.

"Thank you…thank you…" he mumbled into her leg holding it tightly.

Mew giggled lightly and rubbed his head. "Your welcome sweetie." She cooed lightly to him.

She reached down and lifted him up in her arms and gave him a big hug witch he returned. "Alright let's try and make some breakfast!" she cheered.

She ran into the kitchen and looked around with wide eyes at the nice looking room. "Wow…whoever gave us this was really generous." She whispered.

Harry smiled lightly and nodded. It was nice, much nicer than his Aunts and Uncles. Mew sat Harry down on the table and gave him a kiss on the nose causing him to giggle. "Now you wait right here while I cook you up something AMAZING!" she cheered before

walking over to the stove and blinked. "Now how do they use this thing again?"

She turned one of the knobs. "Did...that work?" She asked. Harry nodded.

"I think so..." Frowning, Mew decided to test it by pressing her hand against the burner. Big mistake.

"EYAAAAAGH!" She shrieked, clutching her burning hand. "Ow! Hot!" She blew on her hand repeatedly. "Stupid thing!"

"You shouldn't touch it..." Harry squeaked, hiding behind the table.

"Lesson learned..." Mew agreed, shoulders sagging. "Well, now what?"

"Y-You need a pot...or a pan..."

Mew blinked before looking around then razing a confused brow. "Where are they?" she asked.

"They should be up top…in the cabinets." He said pointing up top.

Mew followed his finger and found the cabinets she opened them up and found a few pots and pans, she smiled in successes before pulling out a pan while a pot started to role before falling right on her head.

Mew fell to the ground with swirly eyes and a large bump on her head was forming.

"Ms. Mew!" Harry shouted and ran over to her he shook her lightly. "Wake up please…please wake up…please don't go away…"

"Finland!" Mew exclaimed before sitting up and shaking her head. "Owie..." She glared at the pot. "Stupid mean pot!" She kicked it and sent it flying. It bounced off the wall and hit her in the face, sending her sprawling onto her back. "Aww..." She pouted, crossing her

arms. Harry reached down to help her up. "Thank you, dear." She said gratefully.

"You're welcome..." He replied. "Are you sure you don't want me to do it...?"

"Too little." Mew insisted. "Let the big girl handle it." She turned back to the oven. "Okay, you j***." She said. "I'm ready for you now!" She placed the pan on the oven. "Okay! Now what?"

"Now you put the food in the pan..." Harry replied.

"Right!" Mew saluted.

Mew opened the fridge and looked over what was available. "Hmmm. What to make, what to make."

"Eggs…always looked good…" he mumbled.

Mew heard him and reached for the carton of eggs. She felt slight pain in her heart at the other Pokémon who had died to make these eggs and offered a small prayer to them before walking back over to the stove.

"Now what sweetie?" she asked him.

"You crack the eggs and put the stuff inside in the pan." He explained to her.

Mew nodded her head with a determined expression. She picked up an Egg and shivered lightly at the idea she was holding before gently smacking the egg on the side of the pan causing it to crack, but she was too hard and the yoke was sent flying into her face.

"AGH!" She screamed. "I'M COVERED IN BABY POKEMON GOO! HELP! HELLLP!" She began to run around in a panic and ended up crashing into the refrigerator, falling on her back. Then the fridge fell over on top of her. Harry stared with wide eyes. "I'm okay..." Came

Mew's muffled voice. Harry stood and walked over to the fridge, then began pushing on it.

"It won't move!" He called out. A pink aura surrounded the fridge. It floated upward into the air, then stood back up.

Harry looked down to see Mew lying on the floor. She was flattened like a pancake and her eyes were spinning like wheels. "Owie..." She moaned. Harry bent over to help her up.

Mew regained her previous width and crossed her arms with a huff. "I WILL finish this breakfast!" She declared.

Harry gripped her hands. "Please…please let me do it…" he begged her.

"But your-"

"I don't want to see you hurt anymore…" he mumbled with a sad look that pained the pink haired woman.

Mew let out a soft sigh and lifted him up in her arms and walked him over to the stove. "I'll be right here." She said sternly.

Harry nodded his head and got to work.

Mew watched both amazing and sad at how easily he was making breakfast. It seemed like he had done this many times, and that thought alone made her heart sink.

She looked up when she heard chopping and saw the boy chopping up some lettuce he had found. The large knife in his hands made her eyes grow wide in horror.

"NOOOOOO!" She dove forward and grabbed the knife. "You shouldn't be using stuff like this!"

"But I need it to cut the lettuce..."

"Won't this work...?" Mew pulled out a butter knife. Harry stared at her. She tried and failed to use it to cut into some lettuce. She groaned. "I don't WANT you using a big knife..."

"I'll be okay." Harry assured her.

"But what if you're not?"

"I WILL be."

"I don't want you getting hurt!" she said forcefully then felt guilty when the boy flinched and looked down in shame. "I…I'm…"

"Sorry…I shouldn't have talked back…I deserved to get hit now…" he mumbled closing his eyes.

The combined fact that he had said that and looked fine with it broke her heart. She ran to him and lifted him into her arms and held him tight. She never wanted to let him go now. Never wanted to let him feel any pain.

Harry blinked up at her with wide confused eyes. "Ms…Mew?" he asked softly.

"I will never…ever hurt you…" she whispered to him softly kissing his forehead.

Harry stared up at her with wide eyes before looking down. "I'm sorry…I just thought…that since you were a Pokemon…you would not want to eat your own kind…so I wanted to make you something else…just for you…" he said softly.

Mew sniffled slightly and hugged him tighter. "You're too nice..." She said with a soft whimper. "WAY too nice..." The two stayed like that for several minutes before Mew got an idea. "I know!" She said, perking right up. "Let's hire a personal chef!" Harry blinked.

"Huh?"

"Yeah! We can find someone else to cook for us!" Mew was grinning broadly at this point.

"But...But how...?" Mew looked thoughtful.

"How do people do this?" She asked.

"I...I dunno..."

"Well then I guess we go out and find out!" she said with a smile.

Harry stared up at her then back at the stove. "But…"

"When your bigger okay…" she promised him brushing his hair back lightly.

Harry hesitated but gave a slow nod. "Okay…" he moved over and turned off the oven and to the shock of Mew the egg carton started to float in the air before landing back into the open fridge before it closed itself.

"Harry…" she turned to look at him with wide eyes but froze at his terrified expression.

"I'M SORRY!" He panicked. "I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT, I-" Mew clapped a hand over his mouth gently. He looked at her, expecting anger...But she was grinning ear to ear.

"Oh...my...GOSH!" Mew squealed in delight. "Oh my gosh you used some kind of power!"

"H-Huh...?"

"I mean, it's not psychic, 'cause it felt different, but it's still a great power!"

"B-But..."

"It was amazing!" she squealed excitedly. "Your amazing, oh look at you so young and already using such cool powers."

"But it's bad…"

Mew shook her head. "No way! It's a part of you buddy, and anything apart of you is never a bad thing."

Harry lowered his head down. "Then…why do I get punished for it…"

"Huh?"

"Why do I get called a freak? Why does it get me in trouble and gets me hit…

Mew grimaced in disgust. "Because your icky family was mean." She explained. "They just don't get it."

"I don't get it either..." Harry admitted, looking down. "What is this stuff...?"

"I dunno, but it's cool!" Mew said sincerely, ruffling his hair. He smiled softly.

"R-Really...?" He asked.

"Uh-huh!" Mew nodded. "Totally! And I'm gonna try and teach you how to use it!"

"So I don't hurt anyone with it...?"

"Well there's that but also so you can do other cool stuff!" She said excited.

Harry nodded now getting excited before both their tummy's started to rumble.

Mew blushed a dark red and giggled. "But first, let's get us something to eat. I'm sure the local town has something for us." She

giggled at him.

Harry gave her a soft nod with a warm smile that melted her heart.

She picked him up, cradling him like a baby. "C'mon, let's go eat!" She said chipperly. She focused her energy and teleported out of the house.